

Rich Men's Sons Seeking Real Work Instead of Pleasure

Wall Street's Rising Young Financiers Exemplify New Type in Sharp Contrast to Idlers and Roisterers of a Generation Ago

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned rich man's son, who was seriously engaged in scattering the four winds as many of the family's golden doubloons as he could wheedle from the father, or the executor of the father's will? Have times so changed that the rich man's son no longer has that "Ho, for the Riviera" feeling that whipping a waiter or so and getting himself locked up by a gruff policeman and its accompanying column in the morning papers no longer has a sporting appeal? Did he submerge completely with the Eighteenth Amendment?

The answer to this questionable study and collectively is "Yes." The rich man's son of twenty or even ten years ago, who loved to frolic with father's money and the police, whose most extensive exercise was rolling his own cigarettes and who could be found nightly snoring in blossom, at the stage door, is as extinct as the dodo. There is no such animal. Possibly there never was. He may have merely existed in the minds of jokesters, cartoonists and the men who write musical comedy.

The Type of To-day.

At any rate a persistent search for sons of rich men in their native haunts, which is below the Fulton street dead line and near to Broadway and Wall streets has brought forth the names of a number of them, more or less prominent, all born with the proverbial silver spoon in their mouths and now the possessors of fortunes ranging from one to half a hundred millions and not a single one of them so idle as his father was in making a fool of himself. On the contrary, practically every one of them literally has his coat off, his nose to the grindstone and is engaged in a hard to hand scrap with the world, the flesh and the devil, in which scrap most of them at last reports were doing right handsomely.

Most of the young men now engaged in holding on to and augmenting their fortunes descend from the old money families in the sense that the world looks on the average rich man's son. Most of them are quiet, studious, chaps, who have a strong sense of duty with the rest of them, and who have native sense enough not to let the possession of a

few millions, more or less, turn their heads. Some of them, too, were brought up in a strict school of discipline conducted by the Old Man himself, in which the Old Man, generally pretty strong minded, made it rather tough on any offspring of his who disobeyed the parental mandates.

Changed by War and Marriage.

Two other factors have entered into the lives of these young fellows to militate against cases of swelled head and coiffure in general. One of them was the war, in which virtually every rich man's son, as well as nearly every poor man's son, was more or less engaged. War, the great leveller, gave most of them a new viewpoint and probably a real affection for the man in the street.

The other factor is that most of the rich men's sons in Wall Street have married and settled down, and not a few of them have passed the family name on to the third generation.

It might be an interesting showdown between young V. Averell Harriman, son of the late Edward H. Harriman, and Junius Spencer Morgan, son of J. Pierpont Morgan, as to which pays the largest income tax but for the fact that both of them are so busily engaged in work in augmenting their bank rolls that they have no time for anything but cold business.

Young Morgan Shows His Mettle

The two young men, Harriman and Morgan, are probably typical of the rich man's son of today. Both were quiet, studious, chaps in their college days. Both, since they were brought up in the nurseries of modern industry and cutting their teeth on an important job, have emerged into the business of the world. The same may be said of the sons of a dozen or so big men of the Street. They have slipped into all respects, scientific and vice-presidential and are not only watching the stock exchange but themselves supplying some of the motive power.

As a matter of fact, in the banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. Junius Spencer Morgan aided in taking command of affairs when in expedition recently pulled Wall Street just

outside of the banking house. He was at his desk when the explosion occurred and was slightly cut by falling glass.

The story is told about the Street that on the day of the explosion, which occurred at 12 o'clock, he had a business engagement for luncheon at 12:30 to discuss a piece of industrial financing with the directors of a large corporation. Soon after the explosion and while all was chaos in Wall Street one of these directors who had an engagement with young Morgan rang him up to inquire if any one within the building had been injured and naturally to cancel the luncheon engagement.

"I'll be there at 12:30," was Junius Spencer Morgan's answer to the director who had suggested postponing the engagement. He was.

Harriman Shows Shipping Interests.

W. Averell Harriman, the modest young man who with his three sisters shared in the \$75,000,000 estate left by Edward H. Harriman, just now is head over heels in a busy shipping scrap which is commanding as much attention as did any of the railroad battles his illustrious father staged with the equally illustrious and powerful James J. Hill.



JUNIUS S. MORGAN

From boyhood up, he did not interest him as do steamships. He tried the railroad game for a while, just after leaving college, and, of course, still maintaining directorships and large invested holdings in the so-called Harriman roads, but his lively interest has been transferred to the steamship business, particularly since the formation of the corporation of which he now is the head, and in which place he succeeds Gen. George W. Goethals.

Oddly enough, lived up on the other side of the Atlantic, is Kermit Roosevelt, son of the former President, and, although he was hardly to be classed as a rich man's son, in the sense that young Morgan and Harriman are, his men's sons, yet he is said to have left up a snug fortune on his

KERMIT ROOSEVELT

own account. In the last two years, he is an official of the Kerr Steamship Company.



W. AVERELL HARRIMAN

Two of the younger Guggenheim generation, Mr. Robert Guggenheim and Edmund Guggenheim, have plunged into the mining business which brought fame and fortune to the seven Guggenheim brothers. Both are officials of Guggenheim companies and spend most of the daylight hours in the corporation's offices on lower Broadway.

Guggenheims Cling to Mining.

The story is told in the Street of Mr. Robert Guggenheim that when he had finished school his father, Daniel Guggenheim, chairman of the American Smelting and Refining board, suggested to his son that it would be a fine thing for him to take a run down to the works at Perth Amboy and get a little first hand knowledge of the smelting business on which the family fortune was founded. Accordingly the kindly Daniel dictated a note to the manager of the Perth Amboy works asking that son Robert be given a job.

Somewhere between New York and Perth Amboy, so the story in Wall Street goes, young Guggenheim disconnected himself from the filial letter of recommendation, and standing on his own two feet applied for and got a lovely job in his father's plant. The superintendent of the plant paid little attention to the new hand and was surprised and shocked when he received a request a few

War, Marriage and the 'Old Man' Share Credit for Directing Energies Toward Building Up Rather Than Squandering Family Fortunes

Weeks later from the chairman of the board for a report on how the chairman's son was setting along in the smelting and refining business.

Evidently he got along all right, for he has been climbing steadily since, and a great number of the details of the expansion of the powerful firm have been turned over by the partners to the younger generation.

A number of the young men have been inducted into the mysteries of Wall Street through the ownership by their families of partnerships in brokerage and investment houses, and from 10 to 3 o'clock are engaged in following the trend of the stock and bond markets. Among these are W. Thorne Kissell, Oliver Carley, Harriman, Grafton H. Pyne, M. Taylor Pyne, Jr. and Robert B. Roosevelt, Jr.

In the Realm of Stocks and Bonds.

One of them, who because of modesty will not permit his name to be mentioned, has developed into a crackjack bond salesman and holds the record for his firm, having personally sold more than \$2,000,000 worth of investment bonds during the last two months.

The list might be extended almost indefinitely. It might include Vincent Astor, heir of the Astor millions and now one of the shrewdest real estate operators and authorities in New York. It might include Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who via the newspaper route, is developing into a writer. It might include all of a half hundred or so young men who are not letting the fact that fathers or grandfathers were lucky enough to amass a fortune keep them from digging in, on their own, and seeing for themselves just what makes this thing called business tick so loudly.

Most of the young men who bear names which spell wealth have not fully arrived, of course. By no means are young Morgan or young Harriman or the younger Guggenheims or the Roosevelts real powers in Wall Street yet. But they are coming along. Their noses are to the grindstone and their collars are off and their sleeves rolled up and each young man is certainly trying his hardest. And any one who thinks he can trade horses with any one of them and get the better horse will probably find that the chip of the old block sometimes is as tough, in a business deal, as the old block itself.

Boy Wonders in College This Year Far From Mere Book Worms

Santee, Harvard's Youngest, Wins Distinction in Baseball as Well as in His Studies

FREDERICK SANTEE, Harvard's youngest student, promises to shine in athletics as well as in the classroom, for his prowess as a baseball player already has excited wonderment second only to that occasioned by his genius in academic attainments. Enrolled in this year's freshman class just after passing his fourteenth birthday, Frederick must look back to the days of Cotton Mather to find one who entered the university so young.

Frederick is the son of Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Santee of Wapwallopen, Pa. They are just as proud of the fact that he is a regular boy and the Babe Ruth of the baseball players of his age as they are of his amazing mastery of languages, mathematics, chemistry and other studies. His parents are of English descent. They attribute Frederick's remarkable progress in education to knowing how to concentrate and being willing to work. He plans to become a physician, following in the footsteps of his father and grandfather. His mother was a teacher.

Likes to Play Most of All.

Frederick began to spell when he was 5 years old. Within a few weeks he could spell out whole sentences, and before he was 3 years old he had mastered the multiplication table. Besides English, he reads five languages fluently—French, Spanish, Latin, Greek and German. He has passed analytical geometry, has begun working in calculus and is well advanced in chemistry.

Frederick neither looks nor acts the part of the typical bookworm. His idea of a perfect day is to play baseball until he is tired enough to drop and then rest up by reading French or Spanish or by working out problems in chemistry. He by no means neglects the sporting pages, however. How could one who by his own words would "rather play ball than eat"? The boy is like, well built and well muscled and of normal height for his age. Baseball is the only sport he has taken up. Besides being a wonder at the bat, he runs bases like a streak of lightning and is a pitcher of considerable prowess.

Frederick entered the Wilkes-Barre High School at the age of eleven and finished two years' work in one. The family then moved to Philadelphia, where Frederick was graduated from the Central High School when he was thirteen. He took second honors in French and also had the distinction of being the only one to wear short trousers among those who came up for entrance examinations to Harvard.

Barred by His Youth.

At Harvard he has chosen the Latin-scientific course and after graduation will take up the study of medicine. Barred from the dormitory on account of his youth, Frederick found another youthful prodigy, also from Pennsylvania, as a running mate, and the



FREDERICK SANTEE
YOUNGEST HARVARD STUDENT

two found quarters in a Cambridge apartment.

His chum is Herbert B. Hoffman of Philadelphia, who was not far behind in enrolling as a Harvard student at the age of fifteen.

Charles J. Bracefield, son of Prof. Stan-



JULIAN K. STEVENS
WESLEYAN'S YOUNGEST STUDENT

ley E. Bracefield of Rutgers College, is the youngest freshman in the present class of 1924 at Rutgers College. He passed the sixteen year mark on August 24, a couple of weeks before college opened. The faculty refuses to accept students under that age except by special permission.

Young Bracefield is a graduate of New Brunswick (N. J.) High School, and was valedictorian and high honor man in that institution last spring. He is also interested in debating and was an editor on his high school paper, and he is a baseball player of considerable promise.

During his course in the local high school he was one of the most popular men in all student activities as well as being a leader

in his scholastic work, and he bids fair to set a similar record at Rutgers.

Prof. Bracefield is attached to the mathematics department of the college faculty.

Young Bracefield was nearly named out for the age honors by Amour Liber of 61 Hamilton place, New York city, 15 years old, who entered Rutgers, but who switched to Columbia when arrangements were made by the two institutions for a joint course in agriculture. Liber is a graduate of Townsend Harris High School.

Enters Wesleyan at 15.

Dean Frank W. Nicholson of Wesleyan has announced that the youngest member of the freshman class this year is Julian Kingsley

Stevens, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Stevens of 1029 Farmington avenue, West Hartford.

Stevens was 15 years old January 25 last. He prepared for Wesleyan at the West Hartford High School, where his rank for the four years' course was fifth in a class of

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PENN'S YOUNGEST FRESHMAN

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Fox in U. of P. at Age of 14, Active on Diamond and Gridiron, Too --- Others of Varied Interests

forty-two members. The first four members of the class were girls. Stevens leading all the boys.

At high school Stevens took an interest in dramatics. In college he expects to specialize in work leading up to an education in business methods. His father is a salesman for Parker & Pollard of Boston.

Youngest at U. of P.

Out of a total freshman enrollment of more than 2,500 at the University of Pennsylvania, the honor of being the youngest student goes to Harold James Fox, who is 14 years old.

Fox's home is at 1524 Swatara street, Harrisburg, and before coming to the university he was a student at Harrisburg Central High School, from which he was graduated last June. Fox was born December 22, 1905. His father, David Fox, died some years ago. His mother, Mrs. Nettie Fox, still resides in the capital city.

During the last summer to help raise funds to take him to college young Fox worked in a hotel at a little town, Sheldahl, N. Y., near Ithaca. In other summers he worked for the Harrisburg Telegraph.

Although Fox applied himself closely to his books in high school he also found time to play football and baseball, but did not make the first team. Fox weighs 140 pounds and is 5 feet 9 inches tall.

Fox is enrolled in the Wharton School at Pennsylvania and expects to get his college diploma when he is 15 years old.

Of the 625 freshmen entering Dartmouth College this fall Stanley J. Lousdale of New Rochelle, N. Y., is recorded as the youngest. He is, however, no great exception as he will celebrate his sixteenth birthday the latter part of next month. Lousdale was born in New Rochelle on November 28, 1894, and has lived in that city until this year. He was graduated from New Rochelle High School last June, where his popularity and ability as a tennis player made him stand out prominently in his class. He also was active in dramatic circles.

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Mental Powers Often Keenest in Dead of Night

MANY writers sleep with pencil and notebook under their pillows and a lamp at hand, so that they may dash off the thoughts that come to them in the watches of the night. It is said that Mary-E Wilkins Freeman has a typewriter handy on an extension spring, which she draws out from the wall on its shelf and places in position before her if she cannot sleep.

There is about these thoughts a clarity that does not come with daytime thinking—a sureness of vision that approaches the clairvoyant. Misfortune never looms so full of realistic as after midnight, but joy and pleasure lose something of their glamour, their evidence, doubt creeps in with them.

A problem with which we have wrestled in the daylight, weighing it with all our intelligence, is settled in a certain way, calmly and judiciously and after mature reflection. Our decision seems the right one. And then, suddenly, in the dead of night, that selfsame issue bobs up before our mental vision, wakes

us from a sound sleep and settles itself to quite another way. In one great flash! A strong white light has been turned upon the brain and has revealed there a conclusion of which we had no intimation before. The processes of arriving at it are a closed chapter. The clairvoyant brain has registered a result only. And again and again it will be found to be the right, the expedient solution.

Memory, too, is peculiarly keen in the slences between midnight and 4 o'clock in the morning. All cobwebs have been swept from the brain by the first hours of sleep; the body and nerve centres are singularly rested; there are no noises to disturb and some subconscious power, if at work within us, perhaps the best illustration of these phenomena has to do with the loss of a certain pair of diamond studded cuff links, heirlooms, and valued for many reasons.

They had been worn on a Thursday to a dinner. The household had certain set rules and regulations, superintended by the mistress of it, which minimized the chances of losses in it. The loss of the links seemed,

therefore, incomprehensible.

The man remembered perfectly putting the diamond studded cuff links away that night after the dinner, at least two other members of the household had seen them put away into the safe and the safe locked. He did not recall having had them on since. No one else could, not even his wife, who like so many good spouses, always got out his clothes for him, put in buttons, etc. And she knew they had never got taken out with the laundry. Yet they were gone.

A month had passed between that Thursday night's wearing of them and the next occasion on which they were wanted. There was great excitement when the cuff links were not found in the safe.

"Are you sure you have not had them in any other shirt since?"

The owner was perfectly sure. So was everybody else, including his wife. The police were notified, the insurance claimed, a servant suspected and dismissed.

Two months afterward, when the loss had ceased to be talked about and the links given up as gone forever, the mistress of the house

awoke at dawn one morning with a peculiarly clear, alert mental vision.

"The cuff buttons are in his blue silk summer shirt, she one with the pig stripe!" she told herself.

No one was more surprised than she at the recollection! Her waking mind had no memory of a blue silk shirt on her husband that winter.

Nor could be recall wearing it. "Haven't had it on since last August!" he declared. "Why should I?"

Yet the cuff links were in the blue silk shirt, and the shirt was in the chest of summer apparel in the storeroom—one of the places the wife had not thought to look for them.

"Oh yes!" cried husband, when confronted. "I had it on one night after coming from the gym when the house was infernally hot and there was company for dinner! You must have put it away yourself and forgotten to take out the cuff buttons! It was perfectly clear."

The wife had. But waking, she had absolutely no remembrance of the act.